

With One Cage

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Summary: Someone wants revenge and finds a way to exact it with one small thing...

With One Cage

...With One Cage Disclaimer: None of the characters belong to me. I'm never that lucky. This idea popped into my head after writing the first maiming fic. Not sure WHY this one hit me, but it did. And I figured... what's a little more brutality? Some might argue that this fic sort of takes some of the characters way out of what we normally see, but given what they've been through, I think it might be feasible.

â€|With One Cage

A smile played across her lips as she thought it over one last time. It would be perfect, and all those involved would get what they deserved. Or at least that was the plan.

She glanced around the room one more time. Reaching out, she tugged on the door, just to make sure it would hold. If someone escaped, it would only ruin it. And she would not tolerate this thing being ruined. Not this.

Turning to go, she looked once more at the cage before she stepped out into the day light. Just a few more hours. Just enough time to do what needed to be done.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Xander asked carefully. He didn't want to make her mad, but he wasn't so sure if this was something he wanted to be involved in. Although he couldn't say he blamed her for wanting to do it, similar thoughts had entered his mind on more than one occasion, he just never actually acted on them.

"It's a perfect idea," she replied, offering him a big smile he couldn't resist. "As soon as they are in the cage, it's all over. They'll both end up dying, and it's what they both deserve. It's really too bad the suffering won't last longer."

Frowning, he conceded that they deserved it and had to agree on the suffering thing. Deserved worse really for what they had done. But this was a little more brutal than he liked. Much more bloody than he liked. But he had heard the plan and all the reasons, and he had to agree he supposed that was for sure. Both of them had done too much damage though, not only to those they loved, but to others as well. Something had to be done, and while this might not be his first choice, it would do the trick. They just had to make sure it went off without any problems.

Xander wasn't worried about that though. Whenever she put her mind to something, it went off exactly like it was supposed to. Well, most of the time.

Fighting off the effects of the forced sleep, Veruca rose to all fours, her head hanging down as she tried to get her bearings. She didn't remember much, just being in her room working on a song, and now this. Easing back so she rested on her knees, she raised her head and looks around.

Oh this was so not funny, she thought as she looked around the cage. She had no idea how he had done it, but she was willing to bet Oz had done this to her. He was still angry for what had transpired between them and the rift it had caused between him and Willow. He blamed her for everything. Ever single tear the witch had cried had been her fault. Snorting, she rose slowly to her feet and moved gingerly to the other body lying on the cold cement.

The first thing he became aware of was the cold, hard floor beneath him. The next thing he was aware of was that someone was standing over him.

"Buffy?" he croaked, his throat feeling as if it was filled with sand.

"Not Buffy, who ever that is," she replied, pushing against his side with a booted foot.

Groaning, he forced himself over onto his back and looked up at her. Definitely not Buffy. Rubbing the back of his head, his fingers worked their way through hair to see if there was any blood, he peered up at the girl again.

"Who are you then, and where are we?"

Veruca smiled slightly. She had to wonder if this one had any idea what he was in for in a half hour or so. Her first guess would be a no, but maybe he was a "werewolf groupie". She'd seen it happen

before. It amused her.

Turning away from him, she moved to the door, jerking uselessly at it as she answered. Of course before long she'd be able to tear the door from the hinges.

"Veruca. As for where we areâ€¦ I think we're in a crypt in one of the cemeteries."

He moaned softly as he slowly rose to his feet. He could feel muscles protest, and he wondered what the hell had happened to him. He felt beat up. He felt... wrong.

"Ok, how'd we get here?" he asked quietly, still bewildered at the situation and still not wanting to move his protesting body.

Veruca spun on a heel and looked at him carefully. "You don't remember either?" Maybe he really didn't have any ideaâ€¦ it would make later much more fun. They always screamed when they didn't expect it.

Parker shook his head, careful not to move it too far for fear of making the headache that was threatening come at him in full force.

"I was in my roomâ€¦ I had tried to call Buffy, but she wasn't there. Or at least she didn't pick upâ€¦ Then Iâ€¦ Iâ€¦ I think I sat down to finish a homework assignment from Psyche classâ€¦ And then I was here."

Nodding, she started pacing the length of the cage. "Mostly the same here. I have an idea who put us here, but I don't know why they put us togetherâ€¦"

Parker frowned at her words, his eyes following her pacing form. "Who would do this? It seems kind of sickâ€¦"

She paused and looked at him. "Oz did itâ€¦ he had to. He's the only oneâ€¦".

He paled and groaned inwardly. He should have known better than to hit on Willow, but she seemed so innocent... seemed so ready to have someone come along and show her how it was done. At least until she had made sure he knew he had fallen for her lines. He had hoped she hadn't said anything to anyone. Obviously she had.

"That makes sense I guess. He's probably a little mad over the incident with Willowâ€¦"

Veruca's eyes narrowed as she looked at him again. Taking him in, she had to laugh to herself. He was such a fake. She could smell the lies on him. She'd enjoy ripping him apart.

"Well, I suppose that solves that question," Parker continued, "But I wonder how long he's going to keep us here?" He glanced at the high window and frowned at the lowering sun. Just how long had he been here?

Tossing a glance to the window, feeling a shiver go through her, Veruca smiled sweetly at him.

"Not long," she whispered. "Not long at all."

The sun slipped below the horizon then and she growled softly. Seeing the changes begin, Parker whimpered softly and backed as far away as he could.

The screams finally stopped and she turned to look at him, a look of contentment on her features.

Xander wasn't looking so good. He had turned a bit green and she thought he might puke at any moment. Herding him towards the door, she pulled the tiny cell phone from her pocket.

"Knew this would come in handy eventually," she murmured, mostly to herself.

Smiling as she dialed, she held her breath until the line was answered.

"Oh God!" She screamed into the phone. "It's killed him. Some kind of wild dog. Oh god I think it ATE him!" She let out another screech then continued, "Oh god, what if it gets out? You need to get here fast! No! Don't bother with tranquilizers, it needs to be killed! It ate someone! Oh god I think I hear it coming!" She let out another squeal and a scream of terror, then hit the end button.

Turning back to Xander, Willow smiled.

"And that, takes care of that," she said as she walked away from the crypt, "Two losers with one cage."

End
file.